

# The Evening World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.

VOLUME 45.....NO. 16,872.

## BROOKLYN'S TURN NEXT.

The hearing before the Rapid Transit Commission yesterday demonstrated the earnestness of the Brooklyn people's support of The Evening World's plan for a subway under Gates avenue to Broadway.

"Geography and the normal march of our population," said A. Stewart Walsh, "demand an instant central and east extension of the subway," which should be "in the belt of population along Gates avenue and Broadway, often called the backbone of our Borough."

Or, as The Evening World phrased it, "To Brooklyn Homes in Fifteen Minutes!"

Manhattan has been generously supplied with underground rapid transit. Brooklyn has been left to the tender mercies of the grotesquely misnamed "Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company." What this wretched service is the hearings now on before the State Railroad Commission show. It is Brooklyn's turn now for the REAL THING. The substitute route advocated at the meeting yesterday in connection with Mr. Lawrence Abraham's plan for two express tracks on Flatbush avenue and Fulton street meets all the conditions.

## WHAT MR. MADDOO DID NOT SAY.

Commissioner McAdoo appeared before the Committee of Nine yesterday, but did not tell why he does not compel the police to do their duty.

Mr. McAdoo did not tell the committee that he had authority under the law to dismiss from the force any policeman who is inefficient or insubordinate or neglectful or disobedient or who violates any of the rules of the department. He did not tell the committee that the courts do not interfere with the discipline of the department, and that where men have been reinstated the trial Commissioner had been to blame; that the Commissioners in ten years had reinstated six times as many men as the courts, and that he could dismiss any policeman who was not doing his full duty in the way of protecting life and property.

In all this talk about the police and politics the fact is carefully obscured that politics in the Police Department begins in the City Hall and at No. 300 Mulberry street. It was politics that dictated Mr. McAdoo's appointment as Commissioner. It is politics that prevents the restoration of discipline. It is politics that inspires all the reform suggestions that emanate from No. 300 Mulberry street. The McClellan administration seems to proceed on the theory that it can carry favor with the public by asking for new police legislation that will not be granted, while it holds the favor of the politically powerful police by not administering the laws already at hand.

## MISERY IN LINE.

It requires thousands of men to shovel the snow from the city's streets after a storm.

Most of the men engaged have been thrown out of work by bad weather. As a rule they are warmly clothed. But there have been hundreds of poor fellows at work during the last week without sufficient covering for their bodies.

While they were actually at work these poorly clad shovellers could probably keep warm. But to get work, or the shovel to work with, they have had to stand in line at the contractor's headquarters sometimes for two and three hours in the biting cold. And to get their pay they have often had to stand in line again on the street for two hours more.

With a better system—more stations and cashiers—the men could be put to work and paid off quickly. Has it occurred to the contractor that the owes his men decent treatment as well as dollars?

## TO ABOLISH "DEATH AVENUE."

The Social Reform Club proposes legislation to drive New York Central trains out of west side city streets. This would mean the abolition of ill-famed "Death Avenue" and the relief from daily and deadly perils of Canal, Hudson and several intersecting streets.

It was in 1847 that the railway company secured the privilege which now it abuses. Its tracks ran then through country roads, among gardens and farm lands. The city has grown up and with its growth have come, where the railroad runs, dangers to life and limb against which the company has provided no satisfactory safeguards. But even if the corporation had done better, it would still be true that trains have no business in busy city streets.

Public sympathy will be with the club and its bill. New York should profit by the Chicago demonstration that a Subway for freight is a blessing, easy as one for passengers.

The hearings of the State Railroad Commission have already proved that all Brooklyn is a "grievance committee" when the Rapid Transit Company—ironically so-called—is under investigation.

The ground hog saw his shadow yesterday and Mr. McAdoo may proceed with the police winter.

## The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers

**At an Afternoon Wedding.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What is the correct dress for bridegroom and best man at a 2 o'clock afternoon wedding, the bride wearing gray silk? Also should gloves be worn by the bridegroom and best man? If so, what kind? Also, does the best man hold in his possession the wedding ring and minister's fee, and when should the fee be given?  
E. I. H. G. C.

**Bridegroom and best man should wear**  
trunk suit and gray suede gloves. The best man takes charge of the ring and fee, handing the former to the bridegroom at the proper point in the ceremony and giving the latter (in an envelope) to the clergyman after the wedding.  
**Left School to Be Educated.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A child, dependent upon me for support and renowned by impartial critics to have ordinary human intelligence, was graduated from a Brooklyn grammar school last June. He is now, at the cost of money, taking a course in penmanship, arithmetic, English, spelling and composition in a good business college, in order to be fitted for something, somewhere, somehow, in the future, if only a quiet domestic life among fairly well-educated people. This desired result has not been obtained by three months study of French (taught in a unknown tongue), five months of German, a few weeks of algebra and

## Said on the Side.

It appears that, while it is wrong for a telegraph company to transmit pool-room messages in plain English, it is perfectly legitimate to send them in cipher. How, indeed, is a race-track operator to know that a bookmaker's disguised message has anything to do with betting quotations? The subtle ingenuity of the distinction made qualifies its originator to testify before the Interstate Commerce Commission on the points of moral difference between railroad rebates and special rates.

The Czar costs Russia \$12,000,000 annually. That is the estimate of last year, however, not of this.

In the heart of the automobilist whose machine is wrecked by a trolley car there must lurk a feeling of regret that the smash occurred in a city street and not on a speed-record racetrack.

Popular Subway gambling game on local trains consists in betting on how many stations the train will skip.

Eighteen tons of gold for the Czar in one ship's cargo. The Little Father will not care who writes the sonnets so long as he can look to America for the cash.

"The post-office department is going to put a stop to guessing contests in the newspapers."

"How I shall miss the daily weather reports," Cleveland Leader.

Three divorces and three marriages for "Kid" McCoy, and nine sets of triplets for Mrs. Dunville, of South Dakota. Favorable opportunity for policy players to call for a three-nine-twenty-seven matrimonial gig.

New times, new topics. It would be interesting to know what a Mahaner would think of a Harvard president's report dealing chiefly with the evils of football. The pigskin and the gridiron have wrought momentous changes in university ideals. What college president is to be the first to take the consistent step of following his criticisms of the game with its suppression? Would the business management of the college permit?

The Louisville clergyman who has three Shakespeares, Burns and Byron in his stove as "units for a place in a library," will not lack fuel to keep his study warm for several winters.

History will be only too glad to forget Fort Arthur in remembering this as the year of a new constitution for Russia—provided the Czar gives it the opportunity.

"Do you think Banks ever has fooled his wife successfully?"  
"I know it. He married her!"  
—Detroit Free Press.

The Order of American Armorial Ancestry seems naturally destined to a social distinction which will pale the lustre of all other associations of daughters and sons. The pride of a democratic people in heraldic frills and turpitudes is one of its most curious traits.

Just because an outspoken representative made a few references to "public auction franchises" and "sales of special privileges" the Illinois Legislature has determined to investigate itself. Such a sensitiveness! There are men at Albany who will feel sure that the Illinois legislators are new at their trade.

The play which begins its run with a veteran critic's comment that "nothing so entirely unpleasant has been offered on the local stage this season" ought, in the natural course of events, to hold the boards for some time. From the manager's point of view a roast is infinitely preferable to damnation with faint praise.

"Do you think this weather will ever change?"  
"Sure," answered the morose citizen. "It'll probably be worse before night!"—Washington Star.

Gov. Folk is now proceeding against the pistol habit in Missouri. He has asked the Legislature to pass a law making the bearing of firearms a felony punishable by heavy fine or imprisonment. Will Gov. Higgins take notice that a great many good ideas have come out of the West?

Critic of current fiction notes that "the youthful heroine seems to be fashionable just now." She is also giving good account of herself in real life. The rising tendency of the diamond thief's escape by sheriff's pretty daughter in Bucyrus.

According to a critic in the Revue Belotique no court witness ever describes an event exactly as it happened, but "evidence is more faithful and complete when given by women than by men." New York police magistrate said just the opposite a year ago. But doctors would not be doctors if they did not disagree.

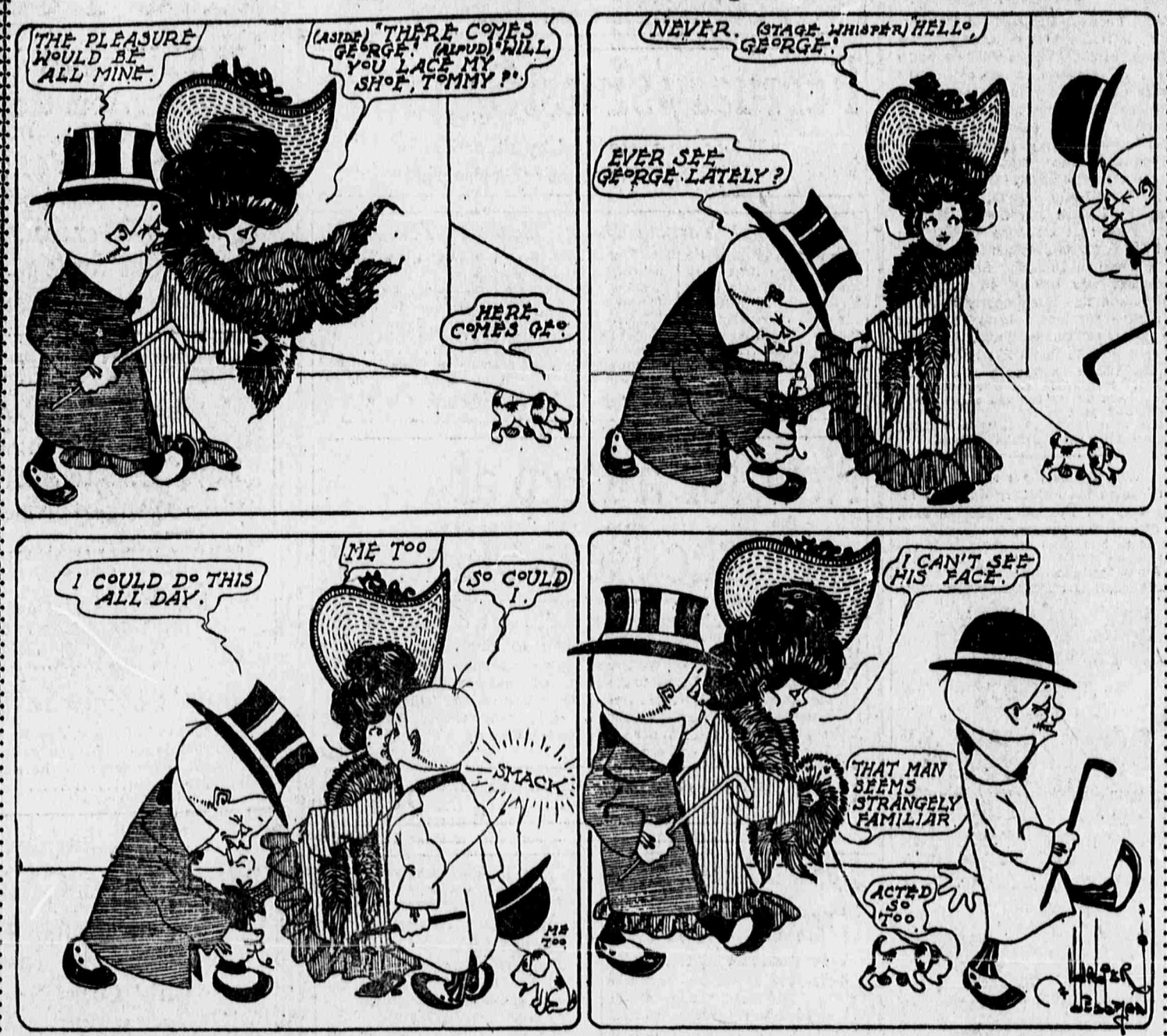
"I'm so tired, Effie."  
"So am I, Cyndie. Let's go and do something that we mustn't!"  
—London Tatler.

While the vicar of an English church was marrying a couple the bride repeatedly refused to promise to obey. "You must say it, or there will be no marriage," remarked the vicar. The lady looked him straight in the face, but the bridegroom broke the silence by exclaiming: "All right, guv'nor; I'll see about that when I gets 'er 'ome!" The service was then completed.

Latest discovery of psychic-science is that every human being throws out magnetic rays forming colors, which vary in accordance with his mental condition. If, for instance, a man sheds a deep-blue light, he is a great thinker. If it is a platy blue, the radiator is an ordinary person; pale green indicates a good life; light brown is the color of the average man. Dark green is very bad, indeed.

## Little Tommy Rot and Miss Heartless Flirt.

The Fair But Fickle Creature Again Puts His Devotion to the Test.



## The Artist Says All These Jokes of His Are New.



## Wives as Illusions.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"WOMEN," husbands would be lessened, but merely that they would have less time to think about them. If it is absolutely essential to their happiness to be poetical illusions to somebody, let them try it on the head grocery clerk or the callow boy who delivers the meat, and not inflict their trying process on their husbands. It is inexplicable why so many women are constantly striving to seem what they are not, rather than to perfect what they are. The most difficult thing in the world is to be a good, straightforward, sensible woman and have at the same time a moderate capacity for amusing and being amused. It is also the rarest thing in the world. But for one woman striving for this ideal there are a hundred seeking to be poetical illusions.

When first she gleamed upon my sight," wrote Wordsworth of that early period of womanhood when it is permissible to be a poetical illusion, since there is really nothing better to do. But it is the "poetical illusion," the "phantom of delight" that dignifies with the title of "the very pulse of the machine," but the wiser, older, less chimerical "perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort and command." Of course, the possibility of this transition seems a poetical illusion in itself, so very rare it is. The only section of the poet's ideal that seems to appeal to the actual woman is the privilege of commanding that the advancing years confer.

The older they get the more they want to be "phantoms of delight"—generally 350-pound phantoms, with over-substantial figures and very actual jaws. To realize a man's ideal it is not necessary to be an illusion of any kind. The only masculine ideal that lasts is that of comfort, not that merely that comes of being well housed and well fed, but the complete mental and physical ease that only a thoroughly contented man can have. This is the only poetical illusion he wants, but of course it is much more difficult to supply than the other sort.

**Little Willie's Guide to New York.**  
No. VI.  
RUBBERNECK COACHES.

sum kindhearted men discovered that New York was invincible to the undisciplined eye and that invented a lot of being New York coaches so that this city could at last be beheld and seen but it was a surprise to a lot of us to see what sort of a burg we had bin infesting all these years, here are some of the grate fax the demon-strator told us only I can't rite it off as fast or as unpunctuated as he ved it heez who he sed, to your left ladise and gents yoo see the couthouse it was blit at a kost of the notorius blit twed hoo was hangod on this spot and sed in dying that he regreted he had only one fedel biding on the left constructed entirely of the famous saint palls chapel to the extreme rite where the imortal gorge washinton mald his ten blox ferther on to the laterymaby weed hav herd moat of the speech if it wooden of bin for all the kids on the sidewalk who keep pollytely adresh us as webfuted roods and askin us how was kropps in pomp on Jay and referin plezently to us as mossuppholstered yaps but they wed red rong for no yap wood dair be rean ridin in a seing nu York coche for fear of beeing mistakun for a farmer the farmer is nashere noablen he livs the simpal life and cets yep with a wife as a trooborn amerlikan shoold, seeng nuYork in a coche is like seeng a pitcher of your oon brane you cant hardly belev it the same one yovv bin working all your life.

## Mrs. Nagg and Mr.

... By Roy L. McCardell ...

"I WONDER if we are ever going to have good weather again, Mr. Nagg? No, I'm not peevish; I never am peevish, but if you were tied in the house like I am you would be peevish, or rather you would be even more peevish than you are now, if such a thing were possible."

"You are peevish and you know it, and then you accuse me of being peevish! 'Peevish, peevish, peevish! That is your cry from dawn till dark. I hear it going to bed, for you have me so confused with your fault finding and bickering that I hardly know what I am saying."

"Of course you don't care, for you come in the house with a grin on your face and never say a word, and you see me so tired and wornout that I can hardly raise up my head. It is nothing but work, work, work for me from morning till night."

"Here, Della, says her sister is sick and she has been gone all day to help take care of her sister's babies. What could I say?"

"I have just had to sit down and think. I have not got out of this chair since Della went away, for there is the work to-morrow to do and I wanted to go out to read some stories on culture to some poor children that Susan Terwilliger will have at her house washed nice and clean, because some Salvation Army girls go around and do such things, and they told Mrs. Terwilliger about it."

"But Mrs. Terwilliger and I both agree that it is a bad thing to bring the poor around to comfortable homes, as it makes them discontented with their lot, and I just can't stand to think of poverty and squalor!"

"Oh, don't groan, Mr. Nagg. You always groan when I go to speak to you about my kindly deeds and how I am affected by such things, and you have a horrid habit of sending poor men to this house to get a cup of coffee."

"If you are so fond of doing that why don't you stay at home and serve them the coffee in my best china? I won't do it. I don't go to people's houses and demand hot coffee on cold days."

"Why don't such people stay in their own homes by the fire such days as these? But perhaps they are too peevish."

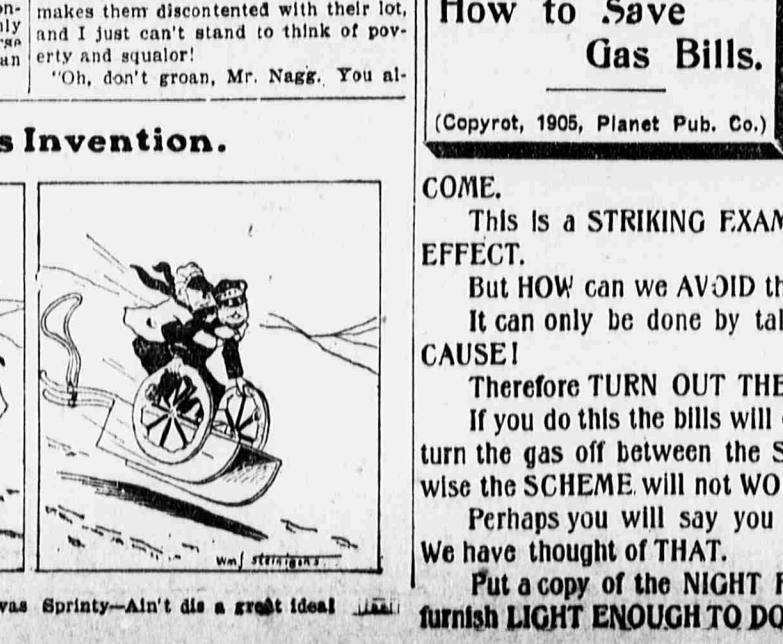
"Oh, everybody is peevish! Don't deny it, Mr. Nagg! You are peevish, Della is peevish, Mrs. Terwilliger was peevish, even brother Willie was peevish to-day, when I only had \$3 to give him."

"I hate to tell you, Mr. Nagg, but mamma has written me a letter and simply says if you persist in refusing to continue her allowance until she apologizes for getting out on the steps and screaming you were a wretch and monster because you would not tell us what the Masons do at their lodge meetings, why she will forgive you for the way you acted, and you can send her the money by a messenger boy."

"You won't do anything of the kind, you say? Oh, very well, I see it all now, you have got peevish about poor mamma, too, and she always spoke kindly of you unless you had done something to annoy her!"

"Run out of the house! That's right! 'Oh, what's the use of my having hysterics, nobody is here to hear me and nobody would care. Thank goodness, I am not peevish, no matter what happens!'"

**Rapid Transit.**



## The "Fudge" Idiotrial

**How to Save Gas Bills.**  
(Copyright, 1905, Planet Pub. Co.)

Reports from Williamsburg and elsewhere indicate that GAS BILLS ARE GROWING BIGGER. This is a way they have. The bigger the gas company GROWS, the BIGGER the gas bills BECOME.

This is a STRIKING EXAMPLE of the law of CAUSE and EFFECT.

But HOW can we AVOID this law?

It can only be done by taking the EFFECT away from the CAUSE!

Therefore TURN OUT THE GAS!

If you do this the bills will CEASE TO GROW. Be certain to turn the gas off between the STREET and the METER. Otherwise the SCHEME will not WORK!

Perhaps you will say you CANNOT DO WITHOUT LIGHT. We have thought of THAT.

Put a copy of the NIGHT FUDGE in the chandelier. It will furnish LIGHT ENOUGH TO DO COURTING BY!